Beyond The Break

A Life In Motion

Preeti Gayatri Swain

BookLeaf Publishing
India | USA | UK

Copyright © Preeti Gayatri Swain
All Rights Reserved.

This book has been self-published with all reasonable efforts taken to make the material error-free by the author. No part of this book shall be used, reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission from the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.
The Author of this book is solely responsible and liable for its content including but not limited to the views, representations, descriptions, statements, information, opinions, and references [“Content”]. The Content of this book shall not constitute or be construed or deemed to reflect the opinion or expression of the Publisher or Editor. Neither the Publisher nor Editor endorse or approve the Content of this book or guarantee the reliability, accuracy, or completeness of the Content published herein and do not make any representations or warranties of any kind, express or implied, including but not limited to the implied warranties of merchantability, fitness for a particular purpose.
The Publisher and Editor shall not be liable whatsoever...

Made with ❤ on the BookLeaf Publishing Platform
www.bookleafpub.in
www.bookleafpub.com

Dedication

To my parents, for their endless love, sacrifices, and belief in my dreams—even before I believed in them myself.
To my cousins & family, for always being my first friends and biggest supporters.
To my dear friends, who have walked beside me through every high and low, reminding me to laugh, to dream, and to keep going.
To every mentor, teacher, and guide who has shaped my path, knowingly or unknowingly—your wisdom and kindness have left an indelible mark on this journey.

And to you, the reader—whether this book finds you in a moment of joy, reflection, or seeking solace, may these words resonate with you in the way you need them most. This book is as much yours as it is mine.

Preface

Every book has a journey, and this one is no exception. It began as a whisper of an idea—something I felt deeply but couldn't quite put into words. Over time, it grew into a story that demanded to be told, shaped by my experiences, emotions, and the lessons life has taught me.

This book is more than just words on a page; it is a reflection of my thoughts, struggles, and triumphs. It carries the weight of moments that shaped me, the voices that inspired me, and the unspoken emotions that often linger in our hearts. Writing it has been both a challenge and a catharsis, a journey of vulnerability and self-discovery.

There were days when doubt crept in, when I wondered if my words would matter to anyone beyond myself. But through those moments, I found strength in the people who have stood by me—my family, whose unwavering support has been my anchor; my friends, who have believed in me even when I doubted myself; and my mentors, whose wisdom has guided me forward.

This book exists because stories have the power to connect us, to remind us that we are not alone in our

experiences. If even one reader finds comfort, inspiration, or recognition within these pages, then every late night, every struggle, and every moment of doubt was worth it.

Thank you for picking up this book. May it speak to you in the way you need it most.

Preeti

Acknowledgements

Writing a book is a journey that is never walked alone. It is a journey shaped by the support, love, and encouragement of so many. I am deeply grateful to everyone who has played a part in making this dream a reality.

First and foremost, to my familu, your unwavering love, belief, and sacrifices have been my greatest strength. I would specially wake up in the mornings, align my thoughts, and reflect on the foundation you've laid for me. Your support has been my constant guide, reminding me to stay grounded and true to myself.
To my friends, for your patience, your laughter, and your wisdom. You've been the ones who listened, who believed, and who made sure I didn't give up when the words didn't come easily. Our shared moments of joy and even struggle have kept me going and have inspired so much of what you will read here.

To my mentors, your encouragement and direction have been pivotal in shaping both my craft and my mindset. You taught me not just how to write, but how to think deeply, to question, and to expand beyond the limits I set for myself. You've challenged me in the best possible

way, and I carry your lessons with me in every word I write.

To my incredible publishing team, Book Leaf Publishing, I couldn't believe the first time I came across your page & got my courage back to write again & have something of my own.

To the readers—this book is for you. Thank you for opening this page and giving your time and attention. Your willingness to connect with this story makes all the late nights and early mornings of writing worth it. I hope these words resonate with you and bring you something meaningful, something that will stay with you long after you've turned the last page.
Lastly, to anyone who has offered words of encouragement, whether big or small—you've made a difference. Your support has been a quiet but steady force in the background, and I carry your energy with me as I continue this journey.

With endless gratitude,
Preeti

1. A story rewritten, a fate redesigned.

Then suddenly, one day out of the blue,
Time spun backwards, a trick it withdrew.
Your twenties had vanished, like whispers in air,
And thirty stood waiting, its hands laid bare.
The clock played a jest, a temporal dance,
A second chance wrapped in fate's expanse.
The echoes of youth, the lessons once learned,
Were pages rewritten, but tables had turned.
Your twenties—wild, like rivers untamed,
Now stood afar, their stories renamed.
Mistakes once woven, regret now unmade,
A fresh-painted canvas, where past had decayed.
You laughed at the irony, fate's little scheme,
A replay of youth, yet sharper, it seemed.
No fumbling, no stumbles, no endless despair,
Just wisdom's soft whisper perfumed in the air.
The debts once unpaid, the paths left untread,
The words left unspoken, the dreams left for dead—
Now flickered anew, like lanterns aglow,

A symphony playing in life's second show.
You knew where to walk, where love truly stays,
Which friendships were fleeting, which lasted always.
No chasing approval, no battles in vain,
No drowning in sorrow, no clinging to pain.
The fashion, the music, the late-night cafes,
The thrill of existence in reckless malaise—
Yet somehow, this time, it felt more refined,
A story rewritten, a fate redesigned.
Your twenties were golden, but gilded with rust,
Bright yet uncertain, wrapped up in dust.
But thirty arrived like a wave on the shore,
With clarity shining, with doubts nevermore.
And so, you embraced it, no sorrow, no rue,
A decade once lost, now reborn and new.
For time is a river that twists in its flow,
But wisdom, once earned, is yours to bestow.
Then suddenly, one day out of the blue,
You were approaching your thirties anew.
No fear in your heart, no tears left to fall,
For life is a lesson—embrace it all.

2. Happiness

Happiness: A Choice We Make

They said it lies in riches bright,
In love so deep or stars at night.
In hands that hold, in words so sweet,
In fleeting joys, in praise we meet.
But happiness is not a gift bestowed,
Nor something owed, nor something stowed.
It is not found in borrowed light,
Nor in another's fleeting sight.
Not in the echoes of someone's embrace,
Nor in the race for time and space.
Not in the promises, soft and warm,
Nor in the calm before a storm.
For happiness is a seed we sow,
A fire within that learns to glow.
A whispered choice, a vow so true,
To paint our days in golden hue.
It is the laughter in lonely hours,
The strength that blooms like morning flowers.
The way we rise, the way we shine,

The love we give, no strings to twine.
So seek not joy in hands that wane,
In fragile bonds or fleeting gain.
For happiness is yours to weave,
A song within—just dare believe.

3. Journey.....

The road ahead uncertain, but my heart feels light,
I know this is the start, of something just right.
Each day I rise, step by step, with care,
Lacing up my shoes, breathing in the air.
The path isn't always easy or clear,
But I move forward, conquering fear.
Through sweat and strain, my muscles grow,
In each stretch, a lesson, in each movement, I know
That strength isn't just physical, it's more than it seems
—
It's resilience, it's trust, it's the power of dreams.
With every mile, I uncover new sights,
My body, my mind, learning to fight.
But it's more than just the burn or the pain,
It's in the moments when I break, then rise again.
As I push through the challenges, the journey unfolds,
I find self-love in places I hadn't been told.
For every small victory, for every fall,
I learn to embrace myself, flaws and all.
The purpose of life isn't a distant goal,

It's within every step, in every soul.
It's in the love I give, the love I receive,
In finding peace, in learning to believe.
So I walk this path, not seeking a prize,
But discovering my worth with open eyes.
In each movement, each breath, I clearly see,
That the journey is me, and I am free.....

4. The Strength of Stillness

So here I stand, unafraid to fall,

Embracing echoes that fill the hall.

With open arms, I face the night,

In shadows, I'll find my guiding light.

I'll weave my dreams through the fabric of fear,

Each step a promise, each breath sincere.

For every heartbeat, a vow I make,

To dance with courage, whatever it takes.

With every twirl, my spirit sings,

A symphony born from the struggle it brings.

So let doubt watch from its shadowed place,

I'll write my story—this is my grace.

5. Embracing Change

Change arrives like a stranger at dusk,
silent, uncertain, cloaked in rust.
I clutch the past, worn-out, thin,
afraid to let the new begin.

Leaves don't beg to keep their green,
nor does the moon resist unseen.
The sky unravels, day by day,
yet never once has lost its way.

So why should I, with trembling hands,
cling to maps, to sinking sands?
The road ahead is drawn in air,
its edges blurred—but I am there.

I walk, I fall, I rise, I learn,
I light the match and watch it burn.

Not all that fades is meant to stay,
not all that bends will break away.

For change is not a curse, but flight,
the hush before a comet's light.

A whisper, fierce, that calls my name,
a voice that says—You're not the same.

And so, I stand where fear has been,
with open arms, I breathe it in.
No chains, no past, no need to hide,
I become the change. I step inside.

6. Adulthood: The Fine Print

They never told me growing up
meant chasing sleep I'd never find,
that rent would steal my laughter's cost,
and time would slip like sand through mind.

They never said the fridge stays bare
unless I fill it on my own,
that friendships fade like echoes lost,
and silence feels like home alone.

The dreams I held in younger hands
got trimmed to fit the nine-to-five,
the world once big, a boundless sky,
now measured in bills just to survive.

That love is not like storybooks,
it's messy, quiet, hard to keep.
That "I'm okay" becomes a phrase
we tell ourselves so we can sleep.

That happiness is just a guest,
who stays awhile, then moves along.
That life is not a perfect arc,
but stops and starts, a broken song.

They never warned me that some goodbyes
won't come with closure, neat and tight.
That distance isn't just in miles,
but in the fading of the light.

That parents age while we are busy,
that heroes fall and legends fade,
that one day, home is just a house,
and childhood dreams feel far away.

But not all weight is meant to break,
not all the grey is cold and dead.
I've learned that peace is morning light,
and love is found in words unsaid.

That joy is small, but real and bright—
a coffee warm, a song that stays,
a moment's breath, a quiet night,
a friend who knows the old, lost days.

That laughter lingers in between
the deadlines, debts, the unpaid dues.

That sunsets don't ask who is watching,
they color skies in golden hues.

That growth is slow, but it is real,
and strength is built through every fall.
That failure whispers, "Try again,"
not, "You were never meant at all."

Some dreams may shrink, but others grow,
some doors will close, but some swing wide.
The child I was, the self I chased—
they live in me, they stand inside.

So yes, the world is hard and fast,
but not without its gentle hands.
Adulthood takes, but still it gives—
in ways a child won't understand.

7. The Version of Me You'll Never Know

You know my name, the sound it makes,
the laugh I wear, the risks I take.

You see the steps, the path I show,
but not the roads I walked alone.

You'll never know the nights I fought
the wars within my quiet thoughts,
the dreams I buried, the fears I tamed,
the love I lost but never named.

You'll never hear the words I swallowed,
the pain disguised, the pride I hollowed.
The moments I broke, yet no one could tell,
smiling through storms, hiding so well.

You know the me that speaks with grace,
but not the ghosts I learned to chase.

Not the scars that line my skin,
stories etched, yet kept within.

I've danced with doubt, embraced regret,
rewrote my past, but won't forget.

Each fall, each bruise, each tear unshed,
became the light that lit my steps.

So here I stand, a world unseen,
stronger than the past has been.
A silent force, a seed that grew,
the version of me you never knew.

8. Letters to My Younger Self

— from the almost-30 me to the wide-eyed, fearless girl I once was

Dear me at thirteen,
You won't believe how many times you'll fall—
not just down stairs or in games at school,
but into love, into doubt, into places
you'll later claw your way out of.
And still, you'll rise,
with dirt in your nails and poetry in your chest.

You'll cry in bathrooms where no one hears you,
laugh in rooms where you don't belong,
and learn that not everyone who claps for you
wants you to win.
But don't lose your softness.
That's your quiet superpower.

At sixteen, when you stare in mirrors

wondering if you're pretty "enough,"
if you're "cool" or "thin" or "chosen"—
please know: you are already ***worthy****.*
The world may not always say it,
but one day, ***you will.***

In your early twenties,
you'll chase what you think is success—
the job titles, the people,
the glittering things that lose their shine fast.
And that's okay.
You're allowed to want, to explore, to lose yourself
before you find what truly fits.

Heartbreak?

Oh, you'll know it.
Some will leave quietly,
others will leave a mess.
But every crack will teach you
what love is not.
And eventually, what it is.

You'll stop shrinking yourself for people
who never deserved the space.
You'll walk away from tables
where you were always serving

but never being fed.
And that will be the beginning
of your becoming.

You'll learn to forgive yourself—
for mistakes, for moments of weakness,
for staying too long,
for not speaking up sooner.
And when you finally do?
It'll be loud and liberating.
You'll surprise even yourself.

And now, almost thirty,
you're still learning, still growing.
But now you rest softer,
dream deeper,
love cleaner.

So if you're reading this, hold on.
The world will shake you, shape you,
but never fully break you.
You are becoming
the kind of woman you once looked up to.
And someday,
you'll write her a letter too.

9. Coffee At 2AM

It's 2 AM,
and the world is asleep —
but my mind?
Wide awake,
wandering down alleys of what-ifs and half-finished thoughts.

I sit with a mug of coffee,
not because I need the caffeine,
but because I need the ritual.
Something warm to hold
when everything else feels cold and uncertain.

The silence is thick,
but not empty.
It hums with the quiet presence
of all the things I never said out loud.
The dreams I tucked away,
the fears I dressed in humor,
the people I still carry like old photographs

in the lining of my chest.

At 2 AM, I'm not the version I show the world.
I'm not curated or composed.
I'm raw.
I'm honest.
I'm allowed to be.
And maybe that's why these nights feel like truth.

There's something sacred
about being awake when the world isn't.
Like I've stepped into a hidden chapter of life—
one where I get to meet myself without interruption.

Sometimes I cry here,
for reasons I can't explain.
Sometimes I laugh,
because healing isn't always loud.
And sometimes,
I just stare at the ceiling
with the strange comfort of knowing
that even in this quiet chaos,
I'm still here.

Alive.
Awake.
Becoming.

So here's to the 2 AM version of me—
the one with tired eyes
and a full heart,
who sips coffee like a prayer
and learns,
again and again,
that even in solitude,
she is never truly alone.

10. Scars that Bloom

— for the pain that planted gardens

They told me scars meant damage—
traces of the battles I lost.
But they never saw how I stitched myself
with gold thread, not fear.
I am not ruined.
I am rewritten.

Every wound carved by life's chaos
became a place where the light entered—
not softly,
but like a sunrise that refuses to wait.
Do you see them?
These notches on my skin?
They are not flaws.
They are ***seeds.***

And from each one,
a garden has grown.

Some bloomed into patience,
rooted deep in silence.
Others became wildflowers of strength,
twisting through the rubble
of nights I thought I wouldn't survive.
I've learned—
Pain doesn't come to break you.
It comes to ***transform****.*

To tear you open,
so you can finally meet
what lives beneath the surface.
And oh, how beautiful it is—
to realize that what once bled
now blossoms.

So let the world see your scars.
Let them marvel at the bloom.
You've walked through fire,
and still,
you grow.
Not despite the wounds.
But because of them.

11. When The Wind Learned My Name

It came not with thunder, nor crashing rain,
But a hush, like dawn tiptoeing over pain.
It curled through trees, soft-spoken and shy,
Brushed my cheek like a long-lost sigh.

It didn't ask who I was meant to be,
Just danced in circles around my feet.
It knew the stories I buried deep,
The promises broken, the dreams I keep.

It whispered tales I never told,
Of growing quiet, of growing bold.
It called me home without a map,
Through every crack, through every gap.

And in that breeze, I felt it shift—
The weight I carried began to lift.
The world, still spinning, stayed the same,
But I was different—

when the wind learned my name.

It spoke in echoes of every fall,
Of nights I stood too scared, too small.
Of love once lost to fear and pride,
Of versions of me I thought had died.

It touched the scars I never showed,
The ones beneath the skin that glowed.
And somehow, with a gentle grace,
It stitched the silence into place.

It sang not songs, but truths unspoken,
A lullaby for the bent and broken.
Its language was a tender art—
The kind that weaves through shattered parts.

It showed me I was never lost,
Just wandering roads that wisdom crossed.
And every gust, though wild and wide,
Was pulling me back to the self I'd hide.

So now, when winds begin to rise,
I don't retreat, I close my eyes.
For in their hum, I hear it still—
A voice that bends but never will.
Not lost, not broken, not the same—

But whole again,
since the wind learned my name.

12. Someday, We'll Thank The Chaos

They told us to have it all figured out—
Degrees, directions, a five-year plan.
But some of us are still learning
how to breathe without a backup plan.

We lose people, we find playlists.
We fall in love with strangers
and versions of ourselves we never saw coming.
We cry at 2AM, then laugh at 2:05.

And maybe—just maybe—
that's the point.
We're patchwork souls
stitched together by late-night texts,
job rejections,
sunsets from rooftops,
and coffee-fueled courage
on a Monday morning.

No, we're not lost.
We're just becoming.

Some days feel like silence.
Some like a riot of what-ifs.
But through it all, we grow—
messy, magnificent,
unapologetically in progress.

And someday,
we'll look back
at all the unanswered prayers,
the detours, the waiting,
the chaos—
and whisper,
"Thank you. You were never ruining it.
You were rewriting it."

13. The Heart's Quiet Joy

Joy is not a loud parade,
Nor fleeting moments quickly made.
It's not a spark that burns and fades,
But in the stillness, soft and true,
A quiet peace that grows in you.

It's in the way the morning breaks,
The promises the sunrise makes.
The simple breath, the rise of day,
In every dawn, a brand-new way.

In every step, a path to trace,
In every smile, a warm embrace.
It's in the scars, the lessons learned,
The bridges built, the corners turned.

In every fall, a rise again,
In every loss, the strength to mend.
For joy is born not from the ease,
But in the storms we learn to seize.

It's in the love that never fades,
The bonds we build, the trust we trade.
In how we hold another's hand,
In the way we choose to stand.

Joy is found when hearts unite,
When we give love, and share the light.
Joy is in the way we grow,
In how we love, in how we know
That life, in all its tangled mess,
Is still a gift we can't suppress.

It's in the messy, raw, the real,
The moments we can truly feel.
So seek not joy in fleeting days,
But in the heart that always stays—
A constant beat, a steady song,
In every moment, we belong.

For joy is in the simple truth:
The love we give, the lives we move.
It's in the quiet moments, pure,
The strength to stand, the heart's allure.

In each small victory, each deep breath,
In joy that rises after death.

The heart's quiet joy, ever true,
Is found in all we are, and do.

14. The Corporate Usual

Another morning, coffee's brew,
The email ping, the same old view.
A buzz of screens, the ticking clock,
The corporate shuffle, round the block.

Meetings back-to-back, we sit and stare,
Discussing tasks, the work to share.
Deadlines loom, yet we persist,
In every moment, time feels missed.

A nod, a smile, a casual greet,
The silent hum of busy feet.
The same routine, the same old game,
Yet somewhere, sparks still feel the flame.

The rush of work, the urgent call,
The pressure's weight, it holds us all.
But in the chaos, we find our pace,
In this routine, we've found our place.

The corporate usual, fast and slow,
A constant ebb, a steady flow.
We're more than tasks, more than the grind,
For in the usual, we're intertwined.

So here's to work, and here's to strive,
In this cycle, we come alive.
For in the usual, day by day,
We build, we grow, we pave the way.

15. Balance in the Hustle

The clock is an echo, a relentless beat,
A drum that calls, demanding our feet.
We race through mornings, chasing time,
Climbing higher, out of rhyme.

But in the rush, the breath is thin,
The heart's lost rhythm, pulled within.
Each email, task, and fleeting call,
Leaves fragments of self to fall.

We're told to hustle, to rise, to grind,
To leave no dream or thought behind.
But what of peace? What of the pause?
Do we forget the "why" we cause?
Balance hides in the spaces between,
In moments quiet, calm, serene.

A cup of tea, a breath, a sigh—
The kind of pause that makes us fly.
But we ignore it, push it away,

Fearing stillness, fearing play.

We're chasing something we can't see,
But in the quiet, we find we're free.
So let the hustle rage outside,
But inside, take a step, abide.

For balance is not found in speed,
But in the space where hearts can breathe.

16. Resilience in Adversity

The winds howl fierce, the skies turn gray,
The path ahead, a darkened way.
The weight of doubt, the pull of fear,
Yet still, we rise, we persevere.

Through storms that batter, hearts that break,
We learn the strength it takes to wake.
In every fall, we find the ground,
In silence, strength begins to sound.

For resilience is not just fight,
It's bending low, then soaring high.
It's not the absence of despair,
But learning how to still be there.

When shadows loom, and hope feels far,
Resilience finds us where we are.
It's in the step we take despite,
The inner voice that says "not right."

We heal in pieces, scar by scar,
In every bruise, we become a star.
For it's the cracks that let us shine,
The broken parts that realign.

So let the winds howl, let them rage,
We are the warriors, not the cage.
In adversity, we find our might,
In resilience, we reclaim our light.

17. Adulting, But Not Really??!!!

Some days we're too tired to care,
Scrolling through life, half aware.
But we keep going, just the same,
Pretending we've got it all in the game.

We joke about "adulting" being a scam,
But low-key, we're still working the plan.
We've got dreams, we've got goals,
But most days we're just filling the roles.

No, we don't know exactly where we're headed,
But we've learned by now—goals can be dreaded.
So we laugh, and we roll with the stress,
Because life's too short to obsess.

We hustle for the vibe, not the prize,
Chasing things that don't fit in size.
It's not the job, the title, the "name" on the door,
It's the people we meet, and the life we explore.

We'll keep moving, maybe slow, maybe fast,
Living in the moment, making it last.
It's not about winning, but learning to play,
Building something real, day by day.

Yeah, the grind's there, we won't deny,
But we're still stopping to look at the sky.
In the middle of chaos, we find our way,
One laugh, one text, one coffee at the end of the day.

18. Modern Love, Real and Raw

We swipe left, we swipe right,
Love's a game, but there's no clear sight.
Messages that go unanswered for days,
Yet somehow, we still crave the chase.

We're texting 'til 3 AM,
Talking about nothing, then everything again.
We pretend it's casual, just for fun,
But we both know this might be the one.

We make plans, then let them fall,
Life gets busy, but we still call.
We're not perfect, we're not a fairy tale,
But it's real—sometimes love feels frail.

We show up with baggage, scars to share,
And try to pretend like we don't care.
But there's a crack in the walls we build,
Where honesty and fear are both fulfilled.

We're figuring it out, learning each day,
How to love in a world that moves so fast,
Where expectations are set to fly,
But we're just here, willing to try.

No filters, no edits, no staged smiles,
Just two hearts learning to go the miles.
Sometimes it's awkward, sometimes it's wild,
But at least we're living love, real and wild.

19. The Weight of Words

They say words are just sounds, just air,
But they carry the weight of what we dare.
The ones we speak, the ones we hide,
All hold power, none can divide.

A whisper can heal, a shout can bruise,
In every sentence, we choose to lose.
A "sorry" can mend, but silence can scar,
Words travel distances, near and far.

We wear them like armor, or like chains,
Sometimes they're sunshine, other times rains.
We think we forget, but they stick like glue,
In every thought, they're coloring the view.

A compliment may light up the day,
But harsh words have a cost we don't pay.
The things unsaid echo the loudest,
Leaving the heart feeling the hardest.

We speak, we listen, we misunderstand,
In a world of words, we struggle to stand.
But some still choose to speak from the soul,
To build, to grow, to make others whole.

For the weight of words isn't just in the sound,
It's in the silence where truths are found.
So speak with care, and listen with grace,
For words are the mirror of the human race.

20. I’m Not There Yet (And That’s Fine)

I still hit snooze more than I should,
Still second-guess if I’m doing “good.”
I scroll too long, I try too hard,
Still learning how to drop my guard.

There are dreams I said I’d chase by now,
But life had plans I didn’t know how.
Some wins came late, some didn’t come,
But I’ve stopped keeping score—I’ve just become.

I’ve unlearned the rush to “arrive,”
Started caring more about feeling alive.
Not every step is forward and clear,
Some days I thrive, some days I disappear.

There’s strength in the pause, in the breath you take,
In the quiet choices, the breaks you make.
Not every bloom comes in springtime sun,
Some grow slow, but still get it done.

So no—I'm not "there," wherever that is,
But I've found meaning in moments I'd miss.
And maybe the goal isn't crossing a line,
But walking each mile like it's already mine.

21. The Revolution Is Gentle

We were taught
that loud is strong,
that steel wins wars,
and softness breaks.

But what if strength
was the hand that still reaches,
after being burned—
again and again?

What if healing
wasn't a phase,
but a full-blown rebellion
against everything that said
"stay broken"?
What if joy
in the middle of burnout,
peace
in the middle of chaos,
laughter

after heartbreak—
was resistance?

The world said hustle.
We chose pause.
The world said numb.
We chose feel.

The world said perfect.
We showed up anyway.
This—
the quiet resilience,
the boundaries,
the small "no" that saves a soul,
the rest we give ourselves without guilt—
is a revolution.

And the best part?
No one can take it from us.
Not anymore.